

**B A D is the B E S T:**

**OR, THE**

**42**

**Miseries of MATRIMONY: Set forth  
in a very pleasant**

**D I A L O G U E**

**BETWEEN**

**JACK STICH, a Taylor,**

**A N D**

**TOM NIMBLE-SHUTTLE, a Weaver.**

**(No. 100.)**



**DUBLIN: Printed and Sold by the Hawkers.**

A very pleasant **DIALOGUE** between  
*Jack Stitch* and *Tom Nimble-shuttle*.

*JACK Stitch*, a Taylor, and *Tom Nimble-Shuttle*, a Weaver, accidentally met the other Day, and after mutual Salutations, says *Jack*, I've got a Halfpenny ; says *Tom*, I've got another by chance to match it, let's away to the next Gin shop.

*Jack*. With all my Heart old Boy, here's to thee with a right good Will, but methinks you are greatly altered for the worse since I saw you last ; why man you look as bare as a Skeleton.

*Tom*. Egad *Jack* so do you ; for you appear as if you were nightly ridden, and as frightful as raw Head and blood Bones.

*Jack*. Ah ! *Tom*, 'tis no wonder for me, for I've play'd the fool and married. Heavens forgive me.

*Tom*. So have I Boy, God help us both and enable us to bear our cross patiently but prithee, whose Daughter art thou linked to ?

*Jack*. The Devil's Daughter I believe for she's such a damn'd shrew, noisy, fu

rious and fiery, as if she came piping hot from hell.

*Tom.* Well, *Jack*, if it be so, we are now Relations by Marriage; for if you've got his Daughter, certainly I'm tied to his Dam.

*Jack.* Alas! *Tom*, to be serious, I had better beat hemp in Bridewell for seven Years together, than to undergo the miseries I suffer in one Year with my Wife.

*Tom.* Puh, Man; I tell you in serious Sadness, I had rather go through all the Tortures of the *Spanish* Inquisition, for twice seven Years, than bear the Affliction of mine for a Day.

*Jack.* But I tell you sincerely, I would rather roll raked in a Bed of Pismires, or be continually stung with a swarm of Wasps than bear one Night's Curtain Lecture from my Wife.

*Tom.* And I tell you as truly that all the Plagues of *Egypt* were not half so grievous, as one Hour's Clamour of my Wife's unruly Tongue.

*Jack.* When all is said, Words are but Wind, but blows are unkind. My Wife every now-and-then gives me a Rap over the Noddle, with my own Yard or Sheers.

*Tom.* Every now-and-then, a mighty  
Nack

Nack indeed, with my Wife, and with Word and a Blow : for when she rages if I stand sweating and trembling for fear when the Tears are in my Eyes, and do not speak, she gives me a Wallop with the Ladle ; and if I reply, she whips up the Tongs or the Poker, strikes me over the Noggin, and makes the Claret run down.

*Jack.* Ah *Tom* ! all this while she may be honest and true to your Bed, but my Wife being tolerably handsome, I have substantial Reasons to believe she plays the Game *Orum* with some of my Customers.

*Tom.* Bless my Stars, I have no Reason to be jealous, for my Wife will do it before my Face ; and tho' she be as ugly as Mother *Sbington*, and that a body would think if I am a Cuckold, the Devil must be the W——master ; yet t'other Day I saw her play flip-flap with a Blackamoor because she loves Beauty.

*Jack.* Well, but she may be cleanly but my Wife is a Slut, and I dare not eat any thing of her dressing or handling, be it an Egg or a Nut ; and you know the Proverb says, *It's better to marry a W—— than a Slut.*

*Tom.* True ; but mine is both, and



with fear in a little time I shall be poisoned  
 with her Nastiness: For when she boils  
 the Pot, she never takes off the Scum,  
 and if the Soot falls in, she stirs all about,  
 and says the Broth is fatter and thicker.

*Jack.* Perhaps your Wife is industrious,  
 careful and thrifty; but mine is lazy and  
 slothful. lies a-bed, and sleeps most part  
 of the Day, and keeps awake at Night  
 to rail at me.

*Tom.* If yours keeps her Bed, she saves  
 Charges, but mine is up before God is  
 aware of her, to get ready her Tea; and  
 then with new Butter, double-refined Su-  
 gar, Saffron, Cream, *French* Bread, and  
 the Devil knows what; eight Pence, or  
 nine Pence is gone in a whiff, which is al-  
 most as much as I can earn.

*Jack.* Well; but your Wife may be  
 fruitful, and you know Children are a  
 Blessing: Mine is a barren Fig-tree.

*Tom.* Yes, yes; my Wife is too fruitful,  
 both in Mischief and Child-bearing, for  
 she seldom fails once every Year to bring  
 me two or three Children, with little or  
 no help of mine.

*Jack.* Then she saves you the Labour  
 and Slavery of getting them; but, alas!  
 I am forced to drudge continually for no-  
 thing.

*Tom.*

*Tom.* So much the better; you have the fewer People to maintain. I am obliged to work like a Gally-slave, to subsist a household full of Brats, whilst half the Rogues and Rakes of the Town, pass by grinning and laughing in their Sleeves to see how a slave, drudge, dandle and dance a spurious Brood of their own getting.

*Jack.* Perhaps your Wife may be of a peaceable Temper, but mine is such a devilish Makebate among the Neighbours that half what I earn goes to pay warrants and compound the Quarrels she breeds.

*Tom.* Half what you earn, a mighty matter indeed: all that I earn and ten times more, is not sufficient to pay for the Warrants, Actions, Arrests and Law-suits my Wife's damn'd abusive Tongue has occasioned in the Neighbourhood, her gossiping Tales, backbiting Slanders, and malicious Words and Expressions, has put me thrice in Newgate, five Times in the Black-dog, and seven Times in the Marshalsea.

*Jack.* Bad enough I own, but still she may be sober and temperate. My Wife is always fuddled, she must have her full Pots of fine Ale, and good Nants Brandy whilst I am forced to drink Adam's Ale, or mean Pump-water.

*Tom.*

*Tom.* Yes; my Wife is of a plaguy sort of Disposition, fine Ale and Nants I consume, she seldom drinks for want of Cole; but while there is a Tatter about her, or she is moveable in the House, the Pawnbroker and Purveyor will have it; and then she'll tiddle in the Wandy-shop, and drink Gin till she piddles of double Anniseed; so, at Midnight, I am forced to lug her home on my Back.

*Jack.* My Wife is so confounded jealous, that if I salute another Woman, by way of curtesy, she'll be in the Pouts a Week together.

*Tom.* The Pouts, I'll assure you Man; if my She-devil sees me speak or look at another Woman, she's ready to tear my Eyes out of my hand Gullet out.

*Jack.* If I only drink a Glass or a Pot with an old Acquaintance or Friend, and my Wife finds me out, she'll make such an Uproar as if the Town was on fire.

*Tom.* If my Wife should find me in an Ale-house or Gin-shop with the dearest Friend, or even the Master I work for, who they treat me, she would abuse the Landlord and Landlady, break all the Pots, Glasses and Windows, and raise such a Mob, Tumult and Riot about my Ears, I dare not show my Face in the Street for two Months after.

*Jack.*

*Jack.* My Wife's so cursedly extravagant that I doubt I shan't keep a house long over my Head.

*Tom.* Keep a house, why I'm positive instead of keeping House, either Newgate or some other stronger House than either I or my Father built, will soon hold me for tho' I have cry'd my Wife down three Market-days, and put her in the Gazette she runs me so in Debt, and will swear by her Life or any thing against me; I fear she will not only ruin me but hang me at last.

*Jack.* Well brother, let's bear our Afflictions patiently. *Socrates*, the Philosopher, and wisest of them, was plagued with bad Wives, (*Zantippe*) so called as well as we, she'd not only over-turn Tables, throw the Dish and Victuals about in Company with his Friends, but fling the Piddle-pot at his Head and burn all his Works and Writings before his Face yet he bore all with a sedate Mind knowing a Woman is but a woman when all is said and done.

He took it patiently and wiped his Head. *Rain follows thunder*, that all he said.



F I N I S.